

Hopkinsville Kentuckian

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MORNINGS, BY
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12 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

For Congress.

We are authorized to announce
J. W. HENSON
as a candidate for the Democratic
nomination for Congress for the
Second Congressional District.
Subject to the action of the primary
to be held in August, 1914.

The hunting season is on now and
a new danger to life is at hand. Every
year scores of hunters are killed
by accidents of one kind or other.

The storm on the lakes destroyed
ten vessels and the loss of life is con-
servatively estimated at 150. The
property damaged will be several
millions of dollars.

The Standard Oil Co. has signal-
ized its resumption of business in
Missouri by cutting the price of coal
from 9 to 7 cents and of gasoline
from 17½ to 14½ cents a gallon. It is
after its rival, the Pierce Oil Co.

Edison says the turkey trot, the
tango, the diaphanous gown and the
women smoking will die of their own
accord when the novelty wears off.
Only a small per cent of our people
take to such fads and they soon tire
of them.

Col. Joe F. Ford, once a most prom-
inent figure in Kentucky, now living
at an advanced age at Natchez, Miss.,
is critically ill with no hope of his
recovery. He was a Confederate
soldier and in his young days was
one of the handsomest men in Ken-
tucky.

Hon. Ignatius A. Spalding, at one
time a very prominent Democrat of
Oregon, died suddenly Friday,
aged 80 years. He served in both
branches of the Legislature and filled
many places of honor and trust.
He was defeated for Congress by
three votes by Jas. A. McKenzie, in
a district convention.

Countess Martha de Goutant-Biron,
one of John G. Leishman's daughters
who married a French Count in
Paris and was widowed in 1907, is
to wed again, this time to a plain
American, James Hazen Hyde, son
of the President of the Equitable
Assurance Society, who has lived in
Paris for several years. After all,
"Mrs. Hyde" is easier said and
Martha will find a rich American is
his worth more than a dead count.

NOT REALLY LOST.

Bertie's sister, who is five years
older than Bertie, is trying to teach
him to take care of his books. The
other day she could not find "Robinson
Crusoe" on the nursery book-
shelf.

"Where is it?" she asked. "I
haven't seen it for several days. What
have you done with it?"

"I know where it is," said Bertie,
trying to speak with assurance.

"Well, where?"

"Why, it's only lost a little," he
faltered; "kinder in the barn, or
round outdoors some'eres; p'raps up
garret, or behind the wood pile, I
guess!"—Youth's Companion.

THREAD OF DISCOURSE.

"Do you think your constituents
always follow your line of reason-
ing?"

"That isn't a line of reasoning.
That's a line of talk."—Washington
Star.

Duty to Subdue Fear.

The first duty of a man is still that
of subduing fear. A man's acts are
slavish; not true, but specious; his
very thoughts are false—till he have
got fear under his feet.—Carlyle.

HER FLAT.

Mrs. Noobridge—Yes, dear, I was
married last month. I'd like for you
to call on me and see the pretty little
flat I have.

Miss Jellus—I've seen him, my
dear.

FORGOT HIS OWN INTEREST

Marseilles Cabby, in Giving Advice,
Showed Himself to Be Much
Disinterested.

"The department store is as disin-
terested, or almost as disinterested,
as the Marseilles cabby."

The speaker was an advertising ex-
pert of New York. He continued:
"Yes, even to its own loss the de-
partment store puts its patrons' in-
terest ahead of its own interest. And
thus it resembles the Marseilles cab-
by who in the gay and bustling Can-
biere one August afternoon was ac-
cused by a lady tourist.

"Cabby," she said, "drive me to
the shore. I want to see the sea."

"To see the sea?" said the man.
"To see the sea on a hot, blazing af-
ternoon like this? Now, that's very
foolish. You'd get all burned up;
you'd get all dust and sand. No,
don't go to see the sea, ma'am. Go
back to your room at the hotel and
take a nice little nap. That will do
you a lot more good."

Preferred Locals.

Dr. D. H. Erkiletian, Residence
phone 278. Office to be announced
later.—Advertisement.

FOR SALE—New Singer Sewing
Machine. Phone 1063.—Advertisement.

See J. H. Dagg for contracting
building and general repair work of
all kinds. Phone 476.
Advertisement.

Fruit Trees.

For Sale—all first class. Phone
311.—Advertisement.

Candies.

Homemade chocolates, walnut and
almond tops. 25c pound at P. J.
Breslin's.—Advertisement.

For Sale.

One good second hand, 4 H. P.,
horizontal International gasoline en-
gine, in good running order, at a
bargain.

PLANTERS HARDWARE CO.
Incorporated.
Advertisement.

Dog Acts as Caddy.

A bright little Irish terrier has been
trained as a perfect caddy by a well-
known professional golfer in London.
When his master is giving a lesson
the terrier goes out with the party
and sits on the teeing green, well out
of reach of the swinging club, criti-
cally watching the performance. He
follows the flight of the hardest hit
or worst sliced ball unerringly, and
having marked it down, races to fetch
it back. He returns with the ball
gently held in his mouth, and drops it
beside the sand box.

Nearly Every Child Has Worms

Paleness, at times a flushed face,
unnatural hunger, picking the nose
great thirst, etc., are indications of
worms. Kickapoo Worm Killer is a
reliable, thorough medicine for the
removal of all kinds of worms from
children and adults. Kickapoo Worm
Killer is a pleasant candy form, aids
digestion, tones system, over-com-
ing constipation of the liver. Is per-
fectly safe for even the most deli-
cate children. Kickapoo Worm Kil-
ler makes children happy and heal-
thy. 25c. Guaranteed. Try it. Drug
Stores or by mail. Kickapoo Indian
Medicine Co., Philadelphia and St.
Louis
Advertisement.

Thunder Restored Speech.

Thunder cured a man of deafness
at Heidelberg, Australia, recently. The
man, William Ilton, aged seventy, an
inmate of a hospital, twenty-six years
ago was struck deaf and dumb during
an attack of paralysis, suddenly re-
gained his speech and hearing after a
"deafening" peal of thunder.

To Prevent Blood Poisoning
apply at once the wonderful old reliable DR.
PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL, a sur-
gical dressing that relieves pain and heals at
the same time. Not a flimflam. 25c. 50c. \$1.00.

On Leap Year.

Weary William—"I wouldn't have
many national holidays if I had my
way—only 365, that's all." Prayed
Philip—"So yer'd make us pore fellers
work one day every four years, would
yer, yer slave driver!"

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the
Signature of *Wm. H. Fletcher*

THOSE SWEET PEAS

By ARTHUR W. PEACH.

Tucked into a narrow space be-
tween two large buildings, golden with
its many electric lights, stood "The
Flower Shop," the abode of the spirit
of the woods and the field in a wil-
derness builded by men the one beau-
tiful spot along the busy city street
dusky with early evening. Its small
window was banked with flowers of a
hundred hues at which many stopped
to look and passed on with sighs of
longing or content, while others were
lured within, to spend for a few hours
fleeting beauty, a sun perhaps dearly
earned.

Before the window Stanley Lambert
paused. He was sober of mind and
sober of heart. That night was to be
the most eventful of his life, for the
reason that Allison Lane, long loved
by him and Merton Roberts, had prom-
ised to tell them which one she loved
the more.

He had planned to send flowers but
he was sorely puzzled as to what to
send. She was a lover of flowers. To
her they had a language and a mean-
ing and he wanted his gift to bear to
her some hint of his love for her. Rob-
erts, one of the wealthiest young men
in the city, would find the proposition
easy of solution; he would simply or-
der the best and costliest flowers sent
to her—roses, probably, at that sea-
son, full, close-petaled, gorgeous roses,
classic emblems of beauty and love.
Lambert knew it was possible for him
to order likewise, but his income,
though satisfactory, was limited, and
the sending of such costly flowers
would seem in bad taste to her. His
great desire, moreover, was to have
his gift some intimate expression of
himself—something that would go to
her with his whole-hearted belief in
them; the rose had seemed to him
always too haughty, too cold, to carry
the warm message of the heart.

He stood before the window long
enough for inspiration to come, but
that elusive spirit did not so much as
breathe upon him; and, not knowing
just what to do, but determined to do
something, he went into the shop.

Kalner, the portly German propie-
tor, came forward, his kindly eyes
lighting with recognition.

"What may it be, Lambert, flowers
for someone?" he queried, a swift
twinkle in his eyes. Many times since
he had begun to keep his shop he had
been sending flowers to many a "some-
one" for many a "somebody."

Lambert nodded, and as he looked
into the genial face of the old German,
it occurred to him that he might tell
the story and ask the florist's help in
selecting the bearers of the message.
After the thought came the decision.

Kalner listened, no longer smiling.
The situation called for expert advice
on his part and earnest consideration.
His own reputation and the reputation
of his flowers were at stake—so it ap-
peared to him.

When Lambert finished his state-
ment of the proposition, Kalner said,
"Ah, I understand. You want to send
her the flowers to talk to her, is it
not? Just a whisper"—his eyes shone
softly—"what can it not do? Flowers
can speak better than the lips. Yes!
they talk the language of the heart.
Roses? No! they are too proud!
They touch the mind, the sight, yes?
What shall it be?" His placid brow
wrinkled in thought. "Ah, I have it.
Come!"

He led Lambert to a small room in
the back of the shop, and delving
eagerly into a glass compartment
where the cool dew hung like thou-
sands of shining diamonds, he brought
up his suggestion—a bunch of sweet
peas.

Lambert stared at them with open
admiration. "By Jove, Kalner, that's
—that's just the thing. Aren't they
beautiful! Talk about harmony of
colors—say!"

Kalner, his eyes taking on a pec-
uliar starriness that characterized
them when his flowers were praised,
touched one or two as a mother touches
the rose in her baby's cheek.

"Yes, a friend," he said contentedly,
"sent them in today. Never has he
sent before such a beautiful bunch.
This bunch I took it out to keep for
myself; but to you I give it. May it
speak to her! I, myself, will pack it,
and I will take it to her. And, boy—
let me know—how it comes out!"

Under the spell of the German's
whole-hearted interest and enthusi-
asm, and his evident belief that his
sweet peas would win any maiden's
heart, Lambert left the store with a
light heart, and it remained with him
at his restaurant. By the time he had
reached his rooms and was dressing,
the little impulse of doubt had taken pos-
session of him. He recalled that she
had given him no hint of any prefer-
ence for him.

Roberts was a pleasant, agreeable
chap, sunny of nature and temper, fin-
ished of manner and appearance—in
all ways one who would make a good
life comrade. It seemed foolish to
think of the flowers in the way he
had been; how little, after all, they
would have to do with influencing her
in such a matter. She could not help
admiring the sweet peas, but they
would certainly seem and look cheap
beside the glowing roses of Roberts.
Yet he had chosen them sincerely,
with a wish that they might have a
meaning to men; from the daisy
whose petals unveil love's future to
the lily on the pulseless breast, they
have stood for much, and weighed
heavily in the intricate and fine bal-
ance of life.

From his block he took a taxicab to
her home. He mounted the steps with
determination, and the smiling maid
ushered him into a room known to be
the house as the "den." As he entered he

caught sight of Roberts' roses, and
stopped short—wonderful roses they
were, in a great jar so placed that the
light fell upon them in such a way as
to give them an almost mystical beauty.
The sweet peas—how plebeian, plain
and cheap the name sounds—were no-
where to be seen.

A sensation of deadening inertia
went over him; around him crumbled
the dreams he had builded and his life
echoed like a hollow thing. The flow-
ers told the story; they were her an-
swer—a gentle way of preparing him
for the refusal she was to give him.
Why wait, then, to be told? He turned
spasmodically to go—and saw her
standing in the doorway. He stopped
back, and there was a silence be-
tween them.

"Allison, you love me!"
His cry was not a question; it was
the heart's song of realization. She
had parted the veil before her eyes
and heart and he looked in.

"But how, dear, how?" he asked a
few moments later.

She smiled. "You will think I am
childish—and really, the flowers had
little to do with it, for—for I have
been knowing more and more that it
was to be, and could be, only you;
but the flowers made me sure. I
suppose I was just in the mood for it,
but they seemed more than just a
gift; they seemed to bring me some-
thing from you. It is hard to tell
you just how; but flowers have al-
ways seemed to me to be spirits given
flower form—a girl's fancy, but it has
always been mine."

"When the roses came, I knew just
how Merton ordered them. I have
been with him, and have seen him or-
der them for others. He rushed it,
told them to send me the best, the bill
to him, and out he went." Her voice
dropped into a lower, sweeter key.
"When I saw these sweet peas, some-
way, my heart was touched. I know
flowers—it is wonderful what they
can tell!—and I knew these sweet
peas had been arranged by loving
fingers that hovered over them with
delight; every one seemed to be
placed as if one who lived it had
sought for it a beautiful resting place.
Then I thought of you, and how you
must have tried to send me some-
thing you wanted to have a meaning
to me—to tell me of your thoughts.
Didn't you?"

He told her of his quest, of Kalner's
assistance, of his comments, and
his own hopes and fears.

"Ah, I knew it was that way—I
just knew it!" She turned quickly.
"Perhaps you wonder where they are?
I put them where I keep my intimate
things from my first doll up in my
room. I did not want to share them
with others to whom they would have
no meaning. I was with them when
you came, and they were telling me
of a love that will cherish me, and
be gentle to me, and always good to
me. Won't it be so?"

He pressed her head against his
shoulder.
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paper Syndicate.)

SILENT SISTERS IN CONVENT

Remarkably Severe Regulations Gov-
ern the Life of Spanish Religious
Organization.

Not far from Biarritz is a commu-
nity of women who pass their lives in
silence. They live and die in the
Convent of the Silent Sisters, and are
buried in silence in the little cemetery
within the walls of the grounds. At 4
o'clock, winter and summer, they leave
their bare cells, and for three un-
broken hours tell their beads and say
their prayers, until they are sum-
moned to their Spartan breakfast.
Two more hours they spend, later in
the day, with their rosaries and pray-
ers in a secluded corner of the chapel,
the rest of the day being devoted to
work of various kinds and to medita-
tion. In the refectory, a dark, unin-
viting chamber with sanded floor,
along which run wooden tables and
benches, the tables are spread for the
midday meal, with an array of brown
water-jugs and wooden spoons and
forks displayed on coarse serviettes,
which take the place of a tablecloth.
During the meals not a sound is heard
—a whisper, even, would be a grave
offense bringing swift penance; and
every Friday the Sisters eat their
meals on their knees. The Sisters
must first spend two years of proba-
tion, at the end of which they are free
to depart if they so wish. If they de-
cide to take the vows they can never
pass beyond the convent walls again,
even in death. The survivors them-
selves dig the graves, which are un-
marked, save for a few shells.

Puritan Morality Is Passing.

The old morality of the Puritan is
passing. In its place are beginning
new ideals, more related to the perma-
nent facts of our time. One influence
working against the Puritan survival
is the great influx from continental
nations mixing their blood and their
ideals with those which were here
earlier. But there is a greater influ-
ence. The American people is a prac-
tical people. Ours is not the kind of
nation that has effective ideals born
merely of thought. The only ideals
which move it to action are connected
with business. The big questions of
the day are the distribution of ma-
terial goods, the methods of produc-
tion, and the relation of capital to
labor. This is what is meant by the
social movement. And it is the so-
cial movement which is changing all
of our ideals, including those of
morality.—Harper's Weekly.

Nuff Cud!

"Can I sell you a book on 'Correct
English'?"

"Do you speak it?"

"Yeg."

"No."

Nerves and Sick Headaches

Toxified liver, constipated bowels
and disordered stomach are the cause
of these headaches. Try Dr. King's
New Life Pills, you will be surprised
how quickly you will get relief. They
stimulate the different organs to do
their work properly. No better reg-
ulator for liver and bowels. Take 25c
and invest in a box today. At all
druggists or by mail. H. E. Buck-
len & Co., Philadelphia and St. Louis.
Advertisement.

Daily Thought.

"The best and greatest thing a man
or woman is capable of doing is his
or her sphere."—Wendell Phillips.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Saved His Foot.

H. D. Ely, of Bantam, O., suffered
from horrible ulcer on his foot for
four years. Doctor advised ampu-
tation, but he refused and reluct-
antly tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve as
a last resort. He then wrote:
"I used your salve and my foot
was soon completely cured." Best
remedy for burns, cuts, bruises and
eczema. Get a box today. Only 25c.
All druggists or by mail. H. E.
Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St.
Louis.
Advertisement.

How Have We Failed!

Where the company are real gentle-
men and men of education... they
have no nonsense or games, but are
contented with one another's con-
versation.—Plato.

Public Sale!

I will sell at public outcry at my
late residence, six miles south of
Hopkinsville, on the Cox Mill
road, near Church Hill, on
Wednesday, Nov. 26, 1913,
The following: Mules, one horse,
lot nice shoats, farming imple-
ments of all kinds, etc. Terms
made known on day of Sale.

J. W. LANDER.

SOOT-I-CIDE

CLEANS FLUES
And Removes Soot from Stove Pipes

IF

Your stoves smoke and won't draw
get a box of SOOT-I-CIDE and end
your troubles. Price 25c.

FOR SALE BY
Anderson & Fowler Drug Co.,
Incorporated.

